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CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

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After the manner of the sorrows of Satan is the predicament of the bootlegger at this time. It seems that the bootlegger is about to fall a victim to the inexorable law of supply and demand, and that his trouble is that the demand for the article of commerce in which he deals has increased to such an extent that there is no business so uncertain and precarious. A chance word dropped gave me a key to the situation, and after working along that line of investigation and reasoning it seems to be plain that the bootlegger is being forced out of business because the people generally will not deal with him.

When you consider that practically all persons would not accept a bottle of moonshine as a gift, it follows that there are not many who will part with ten dollars for a bottle. Once in a while a dipsomaniac or a clouded brained boy will buy a bottle at an exorbitant price, but one swallow does not make a sufficient number for a bootlegger to make a living for himself and his family. At the present time there have been so many deaths from moonshine liquor reported, that it is only a rare instance when any man will take a drink of the stuff. They are all afraid of it. Consequently there is not a steady demand, there are no permanent bootleggers in this country as there once were, and if a thirst would overtake a man it would vanish before a bootlegger could be located. At late years, the only bootlegger known by spraddle and fly by night. It looks like the reason that the bootlegger specials as the automobiles that used to run at night were called, do not come through with any regularity this season because they do not sell enough to pay expenses of the trip.

Liquor is not like tobacco, and opium which fasten themselves upon the users with a firm and relentless hold. With the great common run of people it is a case of drinking liquor or leaving it alone according to questions of opportunity and circumstances. Once in a while there arises a case that looks like it was fatal, but there is no use to call any man a dipsomaniac until he is dead. For even the most ardent of moonshine consumers were those who had been through the fire and had at a remote time been considered hopeless drunkards. By far the greatest number of teetotalers were saluted men, who could a tale unfold whose lightest word would freeze the blood. Put liquor at ten dollars a bottle and the trade is killed by that alone. How much candy do you think a merchant would sell if he asked a dollar apiece? Not very much. So it is with liquor.

If there should be such a movement as cutting out the use of tobacco, then it would be another thing. Men would mortgage their lands to get it. With liquor as free as water, the number of reformed drunkards would be beyond compute, but the reformed tobacco users are a negligible number. It is a good thing that the use of tobacco does not make an addict break up meetings devoted to religious worship, and promote murder and despair. It is a slave condition but it is benevolent, slavish and does not bring ruin and destruction in its wake like liquor.

I submit the proposition to you as a whole, and leave it to you whether or not the falling off in customers is not the real reason for the vanishing bootlegger. The law is after them so strong, that they must get an exorbitant price for the stuff, and no man with any sense is going to part with ten dollars and all that the possession of so much money implies for a bottle of concentrated moonshine, which is so deleterious to the health that the average individual would not accept it as a present.

There has been a great misapprehension about the use of liquor anyway. Nearly all the liquor in the old days was drunk by sober people that is, persons who would take a small quantity each day and keep it up until they quietly sunk to rest into eternity from fifteen to twenty years before their time.

The men who suffered in reputation were spruce drinkers who could not carry their liquor and who became publicly and riotously drunk who carried on for a day or two and became thoroughly sick and poisoned and who were then due to a long course of total abstinence. A spruce drinker might destroy as much as a gallon of whiskey in a year, whereas his sober and God fearing neighbor would get away with a barrel in the same time and build up a reputation for sobriety. One of the most eminent of public drunkards was Edgar Allan Poe, the writer. He could not touch the stuff without getting drunk, and in a day or two was entirely knocked out and had to lay up for repairs. Then would follow long months of abstinence to be broken by a public debauch, until the time came that on a trip from Richmond to New York, he was enabled to get drunk on the train, got off at Baltimore, ran with a group of hoodlums who were engaged in illegal voting on the day of an election, was found dead drunk near the dock that night, taken to the hospital suffering from delirium tremens and died during the week.

or, in fact, never having seen me less excited, take it for granted that I am always so. But enough of this; the causes which maddened me to the drinking point, are no more, and I am done drinking forever. Poe's occupation was that of an editor, and that meant that he was chained to his work and that he had to execute his duties with all the fidelity of a dishwasher, for the periodicals were published at stated times, and there could be no lapses on his part without throwing out the orderly work of the plant that was responsible for the publication. He was one of the highest paid editors of his time, having commanded at least at one time the salary of \$800.00 a year. At the time that he was editing the Southern Literary Messenger, probably the most important publication of its day in America, and which was published at Richmond, T. W. White, the owner of the magazine, said in a letter: "Poe has few the track already."

It was shortly after this time that he wrote the letter in which he said that he made as high as eight hundred dollars a year, and continued: "Contrast all this with those circumstances of absolute despair in which you found me." This Poe person was the wrong sort of temperament to be turned loose in a town with open saloons. He belonged to a class of drinkers that were familiar figures in all the communities of this country some years ago; and they generally showed signs of superior mentality, especially brooding melancholy superinduced by an active imagination that regarded with terror the certainty of death and dissolution. Such men sought success from the haunting fear of the future, and were greatly to be pitied and commiserated. Such men are now saved by the removal of the temptation to purchase a few hours of oblivion.

There was one peculiar letter from a minister in regard to Poe's predilection for drink: "I, the most innocent of divinity students, at the time (1847) while walking with Poe, and feeling thirsty, pressed him to take a glass of wine with me. He declined but finally compromised by taking a glass of ale with me. Almost instantly—a great change came over him. Previously engaged in an in descriptibly eloquent conversation he became as if paralyzed, and with compressed lips and fixed and glassy eyes, returned, without uttering a word to the house which we were visiting. For hours the spell hung over him, he seemed a changed being, as if stricken by some peculiar phase of insanity."

I do not know who the divine was who gave this remarkable testimony of getting Poe to fly the track, but presume that Rev. Mr. Beezelbub would be as good a name as any for him. He does not seem to know what was the matter with Poe after he took that drink. It was a case of mental anguish, Poe knew his weakness and his falling. The moment he got the drink of ale down he suffered from remorse at the thought that all his good resolutions to abstain were gone. That his period of hours of sobriety that he had built up with so much care and attention was at an end and that he would have to begin again and accumulate another series of weary hours of sobriety. It was the effect of thoughts like this that made him a dull companion to the divinity student, and the thick witted tempter never did out-pretend what made such a change in Poe after taking that drink.

In the ancient mythology there were the Lemures, those spirits who could not find rest having died in sin or met a violent death. Some of these old time drinkers, the frantic drinkers of a few years since, seemed to be affected in very much the same way. Such men suffered a change in drunkenness that was very much like epilepsy, especially in the fact that they never realized after they had regained their senses, what horrible spectacles they had made of themselves.

Certainly the enforced system of prohibition has saved nearly all the drunkards, and they do not appreciate being saved. They would return to the drinking like a dog to his vomit. Recently I took a long railway journey and was in large cities on the water front, and I did not smell any spirits on the breath of any person, and I am so constituted that I can smell whiskey on the breath of a drinker across the room, and brandy across the street. There was no drunken man on the train, and none in sight in the hotels, or staggering on the street. I talked to several men in the train in the smoker's club, and they expressed it as their opinion that no man not a fool would take a drink of liquor such as was to be had these days, for the chances were that he would wake up dead. So the conclusion of the whole matter is that no matter how much the thought of the terrors of the future effect you, the only thing to do is to face them boldly and not let the comfort of the hour be clouded with the pale cast of thought.

Tolstoy had trouble when ever he thought of the future and he gave way to anxiety until he was able to overcome the burden of his imagination by his philosophy. He gives one rather horrible example of what he considers life. He relates that in a dream he was chased through the woods by a wild beast that drove him into a well, and glared down at him from the top. Half way down the well he came to a place where he saw a dragon waiting for him at the bottom, and to keep from falling he took hold of a bush in the wall that supported his weight, and as he hung there, supported by the bush two mice came from the wall and commenced to gnaw the bush off near where it was rooted in the wall, and as he waited the time that the bush would be severed he saw some honey on the leaves of the bush and could just manage to put out his tongue and taste the honey. And that was Tolstoy's idea of life.

But it is nevertheless a fact that there is no relief by any drug from the thoughts of the future. If the tortured soul tries to find repose of this kind, an awful charge is made upon him, when he comes back to his senses and the accumulations of his indiscretions fall upon them. Then he can literally yearn for the mountains to fall upon him. This is a boy and a steadfast generation and while they do not know the exaltation of drink, they are saved from the depths of despair that drunkards descend into, when nature rebels, and leaves them broken and disconsolate.

The women have been playing a national golf tournament at the White Sulphur Springs the past week and they surely have been putting up a fine show of golf ability. The best score on the qualifying round was made by Glenna Collett, a nineteen year old girl of Providence, Rhode Island, and it was an eighty-one. Her companion made eighty-three. Such scores as these are impossible to the most of men. Golf is an athletic game in which heretofore women were considered to be inferior to men, but these good golfing women seem to be in the class with men, and the time may soon come when the men and women will play in the same tournaments. One year the media was won at the White Sulphur Springs at the State tournament for men at a score of eighty one. These expert golfing women come from all over the United States and about one hundred and sixty-eight showed up, and of this number thirty-two qualified, and to qualify it appeared that it was necessary to have a score of ninety-four or less for the eighteen holes. West Virginia had one contestant and she squeezed in on a ninety four but did not last long after that. These expert golfing women are able to play the game the year around, for they have money enough to follow the sun, and they migrate with the birds and play golf in the south in the winter and in the north in the summer.

It is not the most useful life, but it is a thousand times better than a life of idleness and dissipation for the game makes the women strong and healthy and it improves the mood. It is not so much of a throw back as it would seem at first thought, for it has not been many generations ago when the force of circumstances developed this kind of a woman. The contest in those days was with the forest and every year the land for the corn crop had to be cleared, and this was the work of the men. But it often occurred in the wilderness that death took the man of the house, and left the wife and mother with a bunch of small children to carry on. And it was not unusual for such a woman to develop the quick and sure stroke of the axe by constant work, and women have been known to equal men in such work. In this day and time, golf is the substitute for such wilderness work as our ancestors were accustomed to. It is not like other games. It is more like a daily avocation, in that it brings out the same general persisting qualities that clearing land and the like superinduce. The golfer does not know that he is performing outdoor labor unless he has had experience with outdoor work of the kind.

In these mountains once lived a famous woman by the name of Anne Bailey. She had been twice married, and lost both husbands by violent deaths. Her first husband, William Trotter was drowned in Jackson River, and her second husband, Bailey, was killed by the Indians. This woman raised a family of small children, and she became as strong and as capable as any man though a woman of slight figure. She could do as much work as a man and she was expert with a rifle and played an important part in the Indian warfare that existed almost continuously for thirty odd years, from the fifties to the eighties. It is also related that she chewed tobacco, drank strong liquors, and swore, and that she scouted, and raised corn, and took a man's part in the winning of the west, in the territory that lay between Jacksons River on the east and the Ohio River on the west. She earned a name, "Mad Anne," all due to her habits of usefulness.

What a fine golfer she would have been forced to be to expend her pent up energies in these piping days of peace?

The Collett girl won the championship. Attention is called to the fact that it is now time to renew the batteries for the year and to go to the woods and pick out two large and symmetrical buckeyes to carry for another year. One is tempted to neglect this important matter, for buckeyes of yesteryear appear to be as good and as smooth as ever, but it stands to reason that they must have lost much of their power by the constant and daily use of keeping away illness for a full year. It is bound to sap and drain the strength. With buckeyes falling at this time it is no trouble to select a couple and lay the old half used batteries by, and start on a new year. Buckeyes are recommended to all who would rather die of oldness than illness. Get your buckeyes, wear one on the right side and the other on the left side. Testimonial: I have used buckeye batteries for many years and so far have never failed to get through the winter.

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Public Auction
OF THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE A. E. LIVESAY

The following personal property of the late A. E. Livesay will be sold at Public Auction at the Home Place near Ronceverte, W. Va., on Friday, October 6th, 1922 beginning at 10 o'clock A. M.

- 1 3 year old bull (Pure Bred)
- 1 old bull (pure bred)
- 2 bull calves (pure bred)
- 2 calves, steers
- 1 Case Automobile 7 passenger
- 1 Bell City Thrash Box
- 3 Registered two year old heifers polled
- 1 Registered three year old heifer
- 1 Grade 1 year old heifer
- 2 Registered Herford cows
- 3 cows and one suckling calf
- 1 Registered cow
- 1 Registered yearling heifer
- 3 Spayed ewes & 3 other ewes
- 4 yearling heifers
- 1 Grade one calf
- 20 2 year old cattle
- 10 Yearling cattle
- 1 4 year old cow
- 1 colt, 1 cow
- 1 Yearling bull

TERMS: All sums up to \$100.00 cash on day of sale, all sums over that amount to be evidenced by negotiable notes made payable to the First National Bank of Ronceverte, W. Va., with good security bearing six per cent interest, six months time.

J. E. LIVESAY, Executor, Col. Clarence Nickell Auctioneer.

Public Auction

On Thursday October 12, 1922 At my residence near Glade Hill, three miles east of Dunmore, W. V.

I will offer and sell to the highest bidder my entire lot of stock farm implements and household and kitchen furniture as follows:

- 2 bed room suits with mattresses and springs 3 stand tables.
- 1 dresser, 2 sets of chairs, 3 rockers
- 1 sewing machine, one glass door cupboard, 14 window blinds, 3 good rugs 9x12, and some straw matting
- One gasoline lamp, 1 Kalamazoo heating stove, 1 Kalamazoo range 1 porch swing, 1 Edison photograph, 1 gas tank, 1 Wilburn saddle, 1 Gearheart knitting machine, one Bluebell cream separator, 1 brass kettle, 24 gallon one iron kettle, one sugar camp outfit including pan, buckets and barrels.

18 young turkeys and 3 old hens. One lot of corn, wheat and oats. Three acres of potatoes will be sold on day of sale if not sold before. A general line of forks, scythes, sleds, corn hoes, garden rakes, grain cradles, one lot of grabs, spreaders, butt chains. One lot of horse halters and cow ties.

- 1 Ford touring car, 1921 model.
- Two road wagons, 1 Deering mower
- 1 Deering rake, 1 new hay tedder, 1 Hoosier drill, new 1 Farmer's Favorite drill, two horse corn planter
- 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 drag tooth harrow, 1 level land plow; 2 cultivators, 2 set of work harness complete; one set of single buggy harness; five sets of Cant Sag gate steels; two grain scoop shovels; 1 all steel spud
- one Deering grain dropper; 7 good milk cows, all bred to be fresh in the spring; 3 fat cows; 5 good calves; 11 head of yearling cattle, 9 steers and 2 heifers; 26 head of good stock ewes and two bucks; 1 hog and four pigs
- One extra good team 7 and 8 years old; three good draft colts 3 and 4 years old, 1 fine brood mare.

Terms of the above sale is eight months time with interest bearing notes negotiable paper with two good endorsers on all sums over \$5.

Reason for selling: I have sold my farm and am leaving the State. Sale commences 10 a. m. Everybody come. LAURENCE NOTTINGHAM, Ashford, Auctioneer.

Auction Sale
I will offer for sale at public auction on the 26th of October, at my farm on Back Creek, near Mountain Grove, Va., the following property: 4 horses, 2 mules, 10 cows, 1 bull, 9 yearling cattle, 11 calves, 16 two year old cattle (if not sold prior to date of sale) 1 drill, 1 binder, 2 mowing machines, 1 tedder, 1 rake, 2 turning plows, 1 disc harrow, 2 spring tooth harrows 2 double shovel plows, 1 live tooth cultivator, 2 wagons, 1 buggy; 1 surry, 1 roller, 3 sets of harness, 1 lot of bridles, collars, etc., 1 cider mill; 1 wind mill, and a lot of other property.

This sale includes all of my personal property. Sale begins at 10:00 o'clock a. m. GEO. W. ROSE, A. C. Herold, Auctioneer.

Public Sale
On Saturday, October 7, 1922, I will offer for sale the following property: 1 horse 10 years old; one mare with 2 foals to the John F. Shrader grazing milk now. Five calves; 2 fat hogs, and lot of chickens. Six stock ewes; young; seven lambs; one yearling heifer, one two year old bull, in good stock Herford and very quiet; one 2-year old Jersey heifer, will be fresh in April.

All this property will be sold on twelve months time with good note and good security, except the bull which terms will be made known on day of sale. Sale begins at 10 o'clock. DAVID SMITH, Dunmore, W. Va. Ashford, Auctioneer.

FOR SALE—Two coal heating stoves—1 Jewel, 1 Coles Hot Blast.—Wilbur Sharp, Marlinton, W. Va.

LOST—Friday night, September 15, while at church at Huntersville, or on my way home a Camco Pin with pearls all around it. Finder please return to Huntersville postoffice or Mrs. E. F. Rock, and receive reward.

USED CARS FOR SALE—One Buick touring car, one Chevrolet 5 passenger. In good running condition. Marlinton Electric Co. Marlinton, W. Va.

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Notice of Sale
North Fork Lumber Company, Vs In Chancery. Harry E. Clark, Mountain Lick Lumber Co., Garnishee, and Samuel L. Clark.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Special Commissioner pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, entered on the 7th day of June 1919, in the above cause, will offer for sale on the 10th day of October 1922, at 9 o'clock a. m., to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Courthouse of said County a two-fifths (2-5) undivided interest in 2099 acres of land situate near Durbin in Greenbank District, said County and State, and which said 2099 acres were conveyed by deed dated January 24th, 1907, from J. Harvey Whitman to the decedent Samuel L. Clark, and which tract of land is further more fully described in said chancery cause, and which sale will be subject to the conditions of said decree.

Seed Wheat for Sale
By the Dunmore Milling Co. Dunmore, W. Va.

Flouring Mill for Sale
A good custom roller flour mill business in the Town of Hillsboro, in good condition and doing a big business. It is necessary for owner to seek other business on account of health. Apply early to H. C. Spencer, Hillsboro, W. Va.

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LOST—Between Stony Bottom and Marlinton, a bill folder, bank book and check book to Bank of Ronceverte, First National. Finder please return to Marlinton Hotel and receive reward. Geo. L. Smith

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FOR SALE, Wild Gensing Seed \$5.00 per thousand, via Parcel Post. Mrs. W. H. White, Stony Bottom, W. Va.